DARK HORSE COMICS
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#2
THE GOON
by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

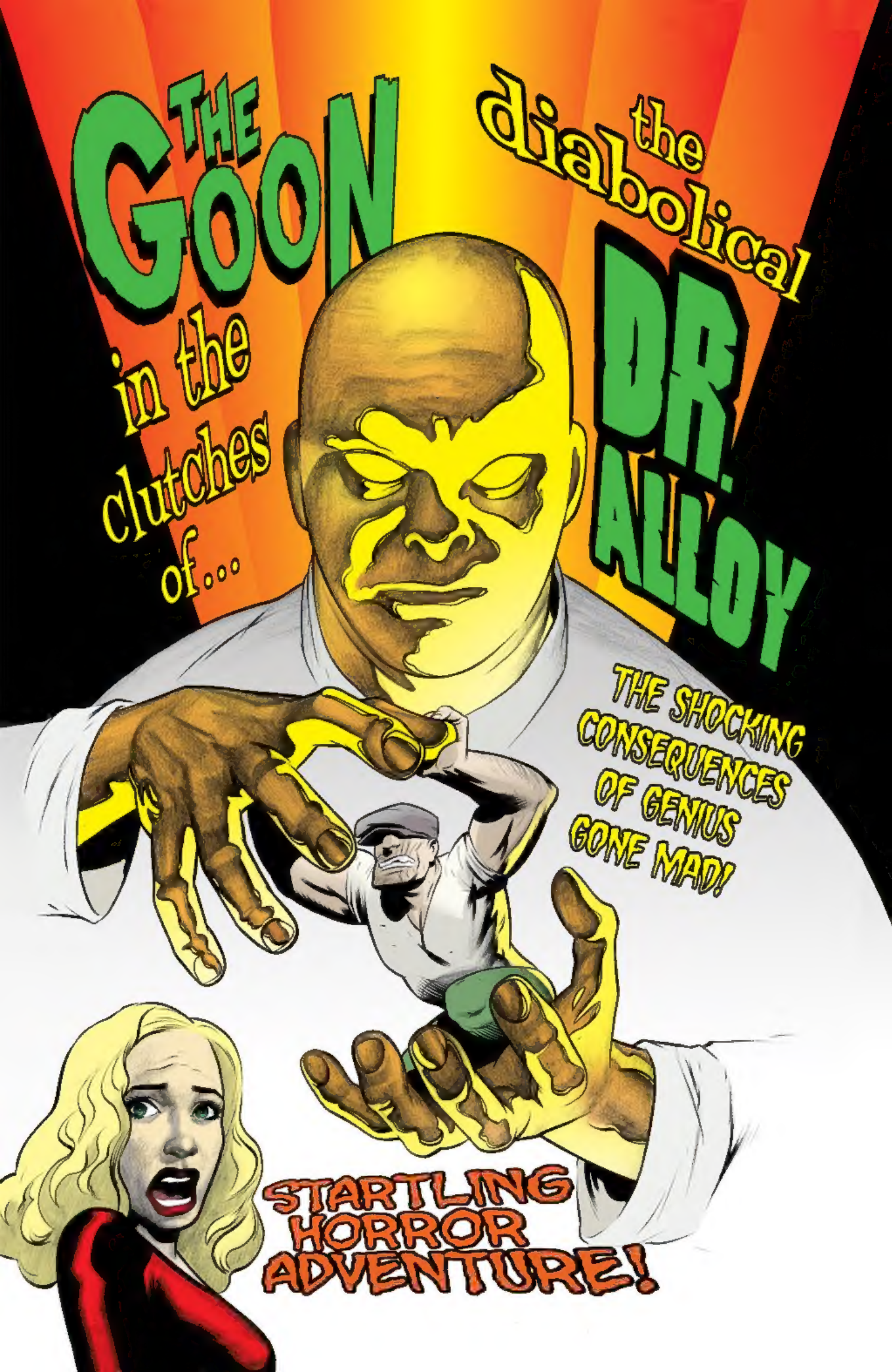
color assists by
Robin Powell and Barry Gregory

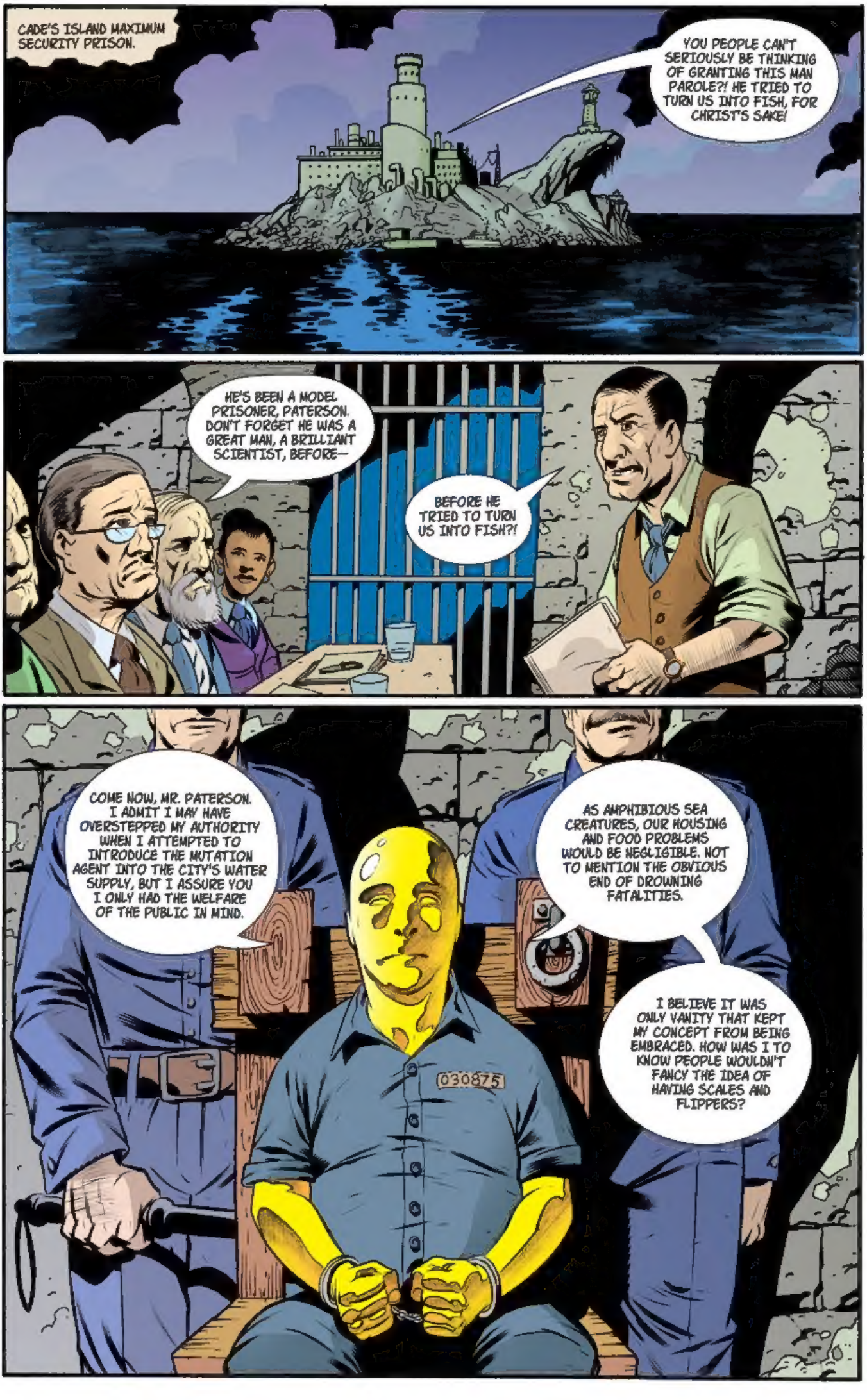
edited by Scott Allie and Matt Dryer designed by Amy Arendts
published by Mike Richardson

Zombies provided by Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc., and The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation

No half-dead circus bears where shot out of a—they did what?! Warning!! Several giant killer robots, constructed for the making of this comic, are on the loose! Lock your doors! Arm yourselves...heavily! And for god's sake don't say things like fashizzle-nizzle in front of them, approach them with scientology pamphlets, or say that *The Matrix* is the greatest sci-fi film ever made! It will only provoke them!

The Goon™ #2, August 2003. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. The Goon™ and © 2003 Eric Powell. The Goon™ and all other prominently featured characters are trademarks of Mr. Powell. Dark Horse Comics® is a trademark of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's sick and twisted imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living, dead, or undead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA


THE GOON
in the clutches of...
the diabolical
DR. ALLOY
THE SHOCKING CONSEQUENCES OF GENIUS GONE MAD!
STARTLING HORROR ADVENTURE!


CADE'S ISLAND MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON.
YOU PEOPLE CAN'T SERIOUSLY BE THINKING OF GRANTING THIS MAN PAROLE?! HE TRIED TO TURN US INTO FISH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
HE'S BEEN A MODEL PRISONER, PATERSON. DON'T FORGET HE WAS A GREAT MAN, A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, BEFORE—
BEFORE HE TRIED TO TURN US INTO FISH?!
COME NOW, MR. PATERSON. I ADMIT I MAY HAVE OVERSTEPPED MY AUTHORITY WHEN I ATTEMPTED TO INTRODUCE THE MUTATION AGENT INTO THE CITY'S WATER SUPPLY, BUT I ASSURE YOU I ONLY HAD THE WELFARE OF THE PUBLIC IN MIND.
AS AMPHIBIOUS SEA CREATURES, OUR HOUSING AND FOOD PROBLEMS WOULD BE NEGLIGIBLE. NOT TO MENTION THE OBVIOUS END OF DROWNING FATALITIES.
I BELIEVE IT WAS ONLY VANITY THAT KEPT MY CONCEPT FROM BEING EMBRACED. HOW WAS I TO KNOW PEOPLE WOULDN'T FANCY THE IDEA OF HAVING SCALES AND FLIPPERS?
030875

ARE YOU HEARING THIS?!
THIS MAN IS DERANGED! JUST LOOK AT HIM! WHAT KIND OF SICK MIND WOULD DO THAT TO HIMSELF?!
I ASSURE YOU IT WAS NOT MY INTENTION. I WAS WORKING ON A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS HYPOTHESIZING THAT THE ARCHAIC PRACTICE OF ALCHEMY MAY VERY WELL HAVE A BASIS IN ESTABLISHED SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE.
UNFORTUNATELY... THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT. HOWEVER, THE ACCIDENT MERELY PROVED MY THEOREM CORRECT. I MYSELF HAVE BECOME WALKING PROOF.
HE'S GOT A POINT THERE, PATERSON.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU PEOPLE?!! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE KILLER ROBOT?!!
THAT WAS NOT MY FAULT. I WAS AS HORRIFIED AS YOU BY THE CARNAGE AT THAT PET SHOP. OH, THOSE POOR, POOR CHINCHILLAS.
YOU SEE, I HAD ORDERED A THIRTY-THREE-HUNDRED-VOLT X-C CONDENSER FROM THE MANUFACTURER. THEY SENT A TWENTY-FIVE-HUNDRED-VOLT INTEROCITOR. THE TWO ARE NEARLY INDISTINGUISHABLE TO THE NAKED EYE.
OF COURSE BRUNO--ORIGINALLY DESIGNED AS A WINDOW WASHER--WOULD MALFUNCTION WITH AN IMPROPER INTEROCITOR INSTALLED! I ASSURE YOU THAT I WROTE A VERY STRONGLY WORDED LETTER TO THAT MANUFACTURER, AND I SHAN'T BE USING THEM AGAIN!
THERE YOU HAVE IT, PATERSON. JUST AN ACCIDENT.
ACCIDENT?! YOU PUT THIS FREAK BACK OUT ON THE STREET AND WE'LL ALL BE GROWING SECOND HEADS OR SOMETHING!
REALLY, WHY MUST YOU INSIST ON LABELING ME WITH SUCH MONIKERS AS "FREAK" AND "LOONY GUY"? IT'S SO UNPROFESSIONAL.
MAY I SUGGEST THAT IF YOU TOOK A MORE SOPHISTICATED APPROACH WITH YOUR ARGUMENT, YOUR CASE'S VALIDITY MAY SEEM MORE RELEVANT.
SHUT UP, YOU... FREAK! LOONY FREAK!

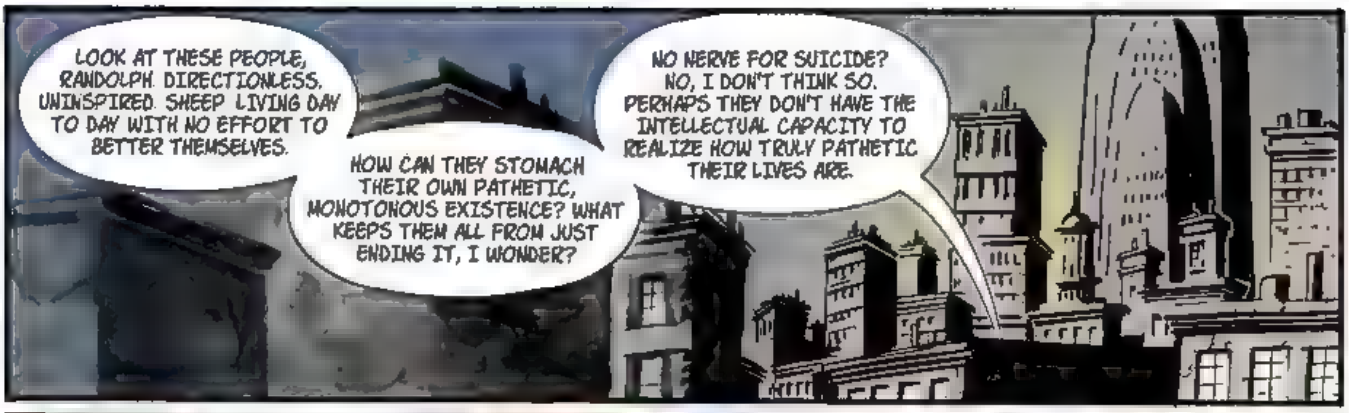
MR. PATERSON, I FEAR FOR THE STATE OF YOUR MENTAL HEALTH. I BELIEVE YOU MAY BE SUFFERING FROM WORK-RELATED STRESS AS WELL AS ACUTE PARANOIA. HAVE YOU EXPERIENCED ANY SEXUAL DYSFUNCTION OF LATE?
OH NO! YOU'RE NOT GETTING IN MY HEAD! YOU PROBABLY HAVE TELEPATHY! ALL THOSE EXPERIMENTS ON YOURSELF!
YOU BRAINWASHED THE PAROLE BOARD, DIDN'T YOU?! I'LL KILL YOU BEFORE YOU GET IN MY HEAD, FREAK!
GUARDS! THIS MAN IS ATTEMPTING TO ASSAULT ME!
HE'S EVIL! WE'LL ALL BE FISH!
DR. ALLOY, PLEASE ACCEPT OUR DEEPEST APOLOGIES! PATERSON WAS COMPLETELY OUT OF LINE!
I SEE NO REASON TO PROLONG THIS HEARING! DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY, THIS BOARD DOES HEREBY GRANT YOU PAROLE!
AND THANK YOU FOR THE GIFT BASKETS OF TRUFFLES AND CHARDONNAY! WE ENJOYED THEM VERY MUCH!
THINK NOTHING OF IT.

RANDOLPH?
GOOD EVENING, AND WELCOME TO THE HOME OF WORLD-RENOWNED SCIENTIST DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY.
HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, RANDOLPH. I TRUST YOU'VE KEPT THE HOUSE IN ORDER DURING MY ABSENCE.
WHY, HELLO, BRUNO.
WHILE VISITING THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST INGENIOUS MIND, PLEASE REFRAIN FROM SMOKING. IT MAY INADVERTENTLY ACTIVATE THE HEAT-SEEKING HOME-SECURITY MISSILES.

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS FOR A CAN OF CREAM CORN.
I REMEMBER WHEN CREAM CORN WAS A DIME.
THEY'RE TRYING TO STARVE ME. NO ONE CAN AFFORD THIRTY-FIVE-CENT CREAM CORN.
GASP!
HEY, YOU! HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU TO STAY OFF THIS STREET AT NIGHT?!

WHAT I GOTTA DO, POUND IT IN YER HEAD WITH A BRICK?!
I MEAN IT, LADY! THIS IS THE LAST TIME!
I THOUGHT THE CREAM CORN WOULD BE CHEAPER AFTER SEVEN.
WELL IT AIN'T!
SWAP!
YOU THINK I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO THAN KEEP YER OLD, WRINKLED BUTT FROM GETTIN' ATE?!
NOW BEAT IT! DO YER SHOPPIN' AT A DECENT HOUR LIKE A NORMAL PERSON!

HEY, FRANKY.
HEY, MERLE.
THAT OLD LADY THAT LIVES IN SMITTY'S BASEMENT WAS OUT WANDERIN' AROUND AFTER DARK AGAIN, HUH?
YEP.
YOU BOYS WANNA PLAY SOME CARDS AT NORTON'S TONIGHT?
HOLD ON, LET ME CHECK.
HEY, GOON! YOU WANNA PLAY CARDS TONIGHT?!
SPLAT!
SURE. LET'S GO.

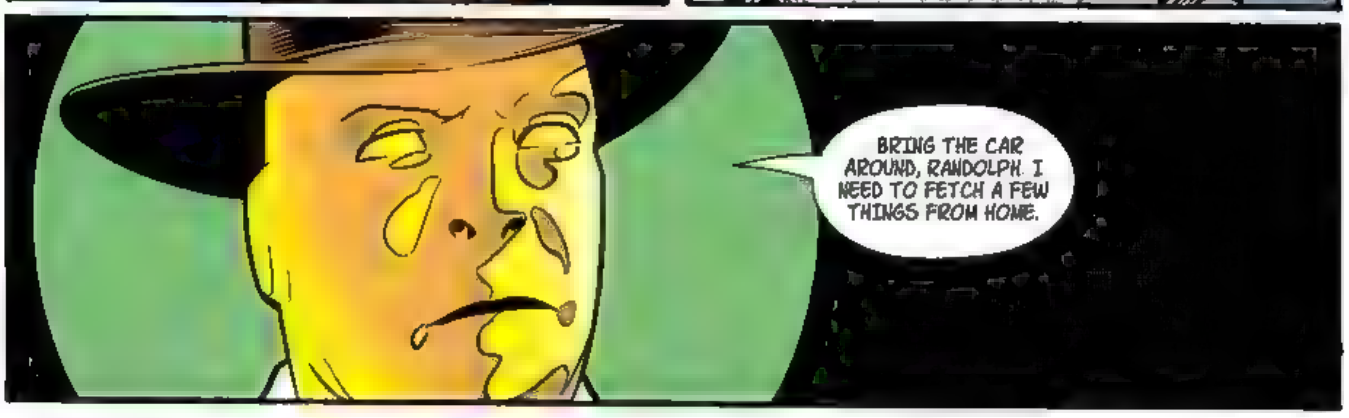

LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE, RANDOLPH. DIRECTIONLESS. UNINSPIRED. SHEEP LIVING DAY TO DAY WITH NO EFFORT TO BETTER THEMSELVES.
HOW CAN THEY STOMACH THEIR OWN PATHETIC, MONOTONOUS EXISTENCE? WHAT KEEPS THEM ALL FROM JUST ENDING IT, I WONDER?
NO NERVE FOR SUICIDE? NO, I DON'T THINK SO. PERHAPS THEY DON'T HAVE THE INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY TO REALIZE HOW TRULY PATHETIC THEIR LIVES ARE.

PERHAPS THE FOOLS ARE HAPPY. THEY'RE HAPPY. HA! ISN'T THAT AN AMUSING CONCEPT, RANDOLPH?
THE TIME IS NOW NINE FORTY-FIVE P.M.

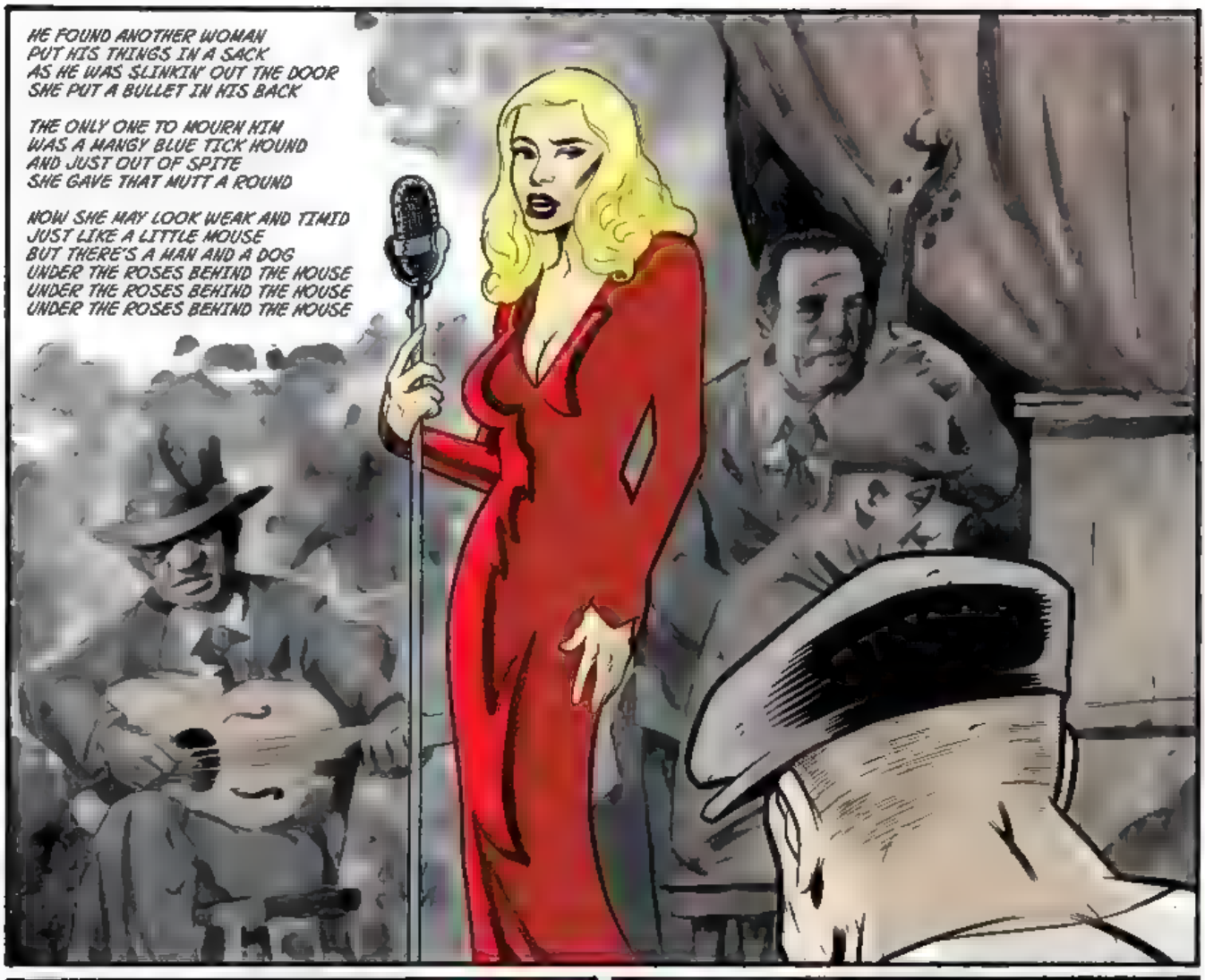
WHAT SHOULD I EXPECT FROM THEM? I SHOW A LITTLE INITIATIVE AND THEY INCARCERATE ME FOR IT. IF ONLY THESE SIMPLETONS WOULD LISTEN TO ME, I COULD MAKE THE WORLD SUCH A UTOPIA.
EXTRA! EXTRA!
IN ORDER TO MAKE THEM LISTEN, I MUST REGAIN MY STATUS OF DIGNITY AND RESPECT. PERHAPS IF I PERFORMED SOME SERVICE THAT THE PUBLIC WOULD REGARD AS AN ACT OF DECENCY.

PAPER, MISTER?
SURELY, MY BOY.

THE SNITCH
MAN KNOWN AS GOO
SUSPECTED AS HEAD
OF LABRAZIO CRIME
FAMILY!


BRING THE CAR AROUND, RANDOLPH. I NEED TO FETCH A FEW THINGS FROM HOME.

HA! HA! HA! HA!
AND SO HE'S HANGIN' HALFWAY OUT THE WINDOW WHEN CHARLIE NOODLES SAYS, "WHAT'S JOHNNY'S MOMMA GOT TO DO WITH THIS?! THAT'S MY TV. HE'S TIED TO!"
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
ROYAL FLUSH! READ IT AND WEEP!
SPIDER, YOU CHEATIN' PIECE OF CRAP! YOU AIN'T GOT NO TWO FLUSHES IN A ROW!
IT'S NOT CHEATING! IT'S PLAYING WITH CREATIVITY AND STYLE!
AND A SIXTY-EIGHT-CARD DECK!!
IT'S LIKE MY GRANNY USED TO SAY, NEVER PLAY CARDS WITH NOBODY WITH MORE THAN TWO ARMS!
FOR SPIDER'S SAKE, I'M SITTIN' OUT THIS HAND. I'D HATE TO HAVE TO KILL HIM.
HA HA!
HE AIN'T JOKIN'


HE FOUND ANOTHER WOMAN
PUT HIS THINGS IN A SACK
AS HE WAS SLINKIN' OUT THE DOOR
SHE PUT A BULLET IN HIS BACK
THE ONLY ONE TO MOURN HIM
WAS A MANGY BLUE TICK HOUND
AND JUST OUT OF SPITE
SHE GAVE THAT MUTT A ROUND
NOW SHE MAY LOOK WEAK AND TIMID
JUST LIKE A LITTLE MOUSE
BUT THERE'S A MAN AND A DOG
UNDER THE ROSES BEHIND THE HOUSE
UNDER THE ROSES BEHIND THE HOUSE
UNDER THE ROSES BEHIND THE HOUSE

HI, GOON!
YOU ALWAYS LIKE THE SAD AND UNHAPPY ONES
HEY, MIRNA. I LIKED THAT ONE.

SAY, WHEN ARE YOU GONNA TAKE ME OUT FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN? IT'S NOT POLITE TO MAKE A GIRL KEEP ASKING, YA KNOW.
YEAH, YOU DRINK, PLAY CARDS, AND BEAT UP ZOMBIES. HOW MUCH FIGHT COULD A DEAD GUY PUT UP, ANYWAY?
SORRY, MY NIGHTS ARE PRETTY BOOKED UP
YOU'D BE SURPRISED.

SERIOUSLY, WHAT'S WITH THE COLD SHOULDER?

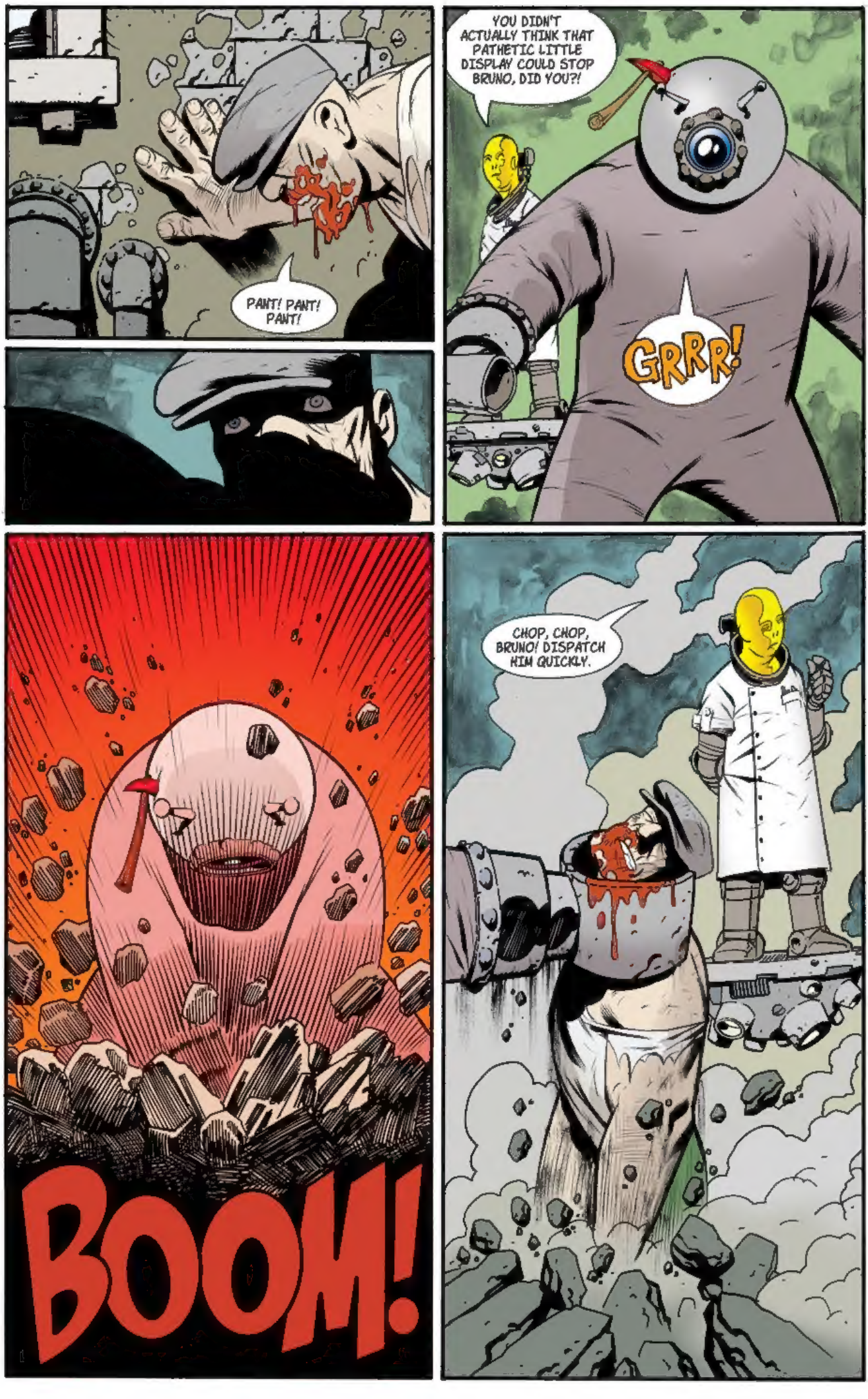
I... I HEARD SOMETHING HAPPENED TO YOU IN CHINATOWN. SOMETHING TO DO WITH A WOMAN.
DID SHE HURT Y--
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS FACE! YOU WANT TO SNUGGLE UP TO THIS, DO YA?!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YER GAME IS, BUT GO SELL IT SOMEWHERE ELSE, SISTER!
I-I DIDN'T... I'M SORRY
THAT WAS HARSH.
SHUT UP, FRANKY!

GOON, SOME WEIRD GUY WITH A BIG ROBOT WANTS A WORD WITH YOU OUTSIDE.
AW, FER CHRIST! IF IT AIN'T ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER!
MR. GOON, I PRESUME?
YEAH, WHATTA YA WA--
YOUR REIGN OF TERROR HAS COME TO AN END, CRIMINAL OVERLORD!
OOF!

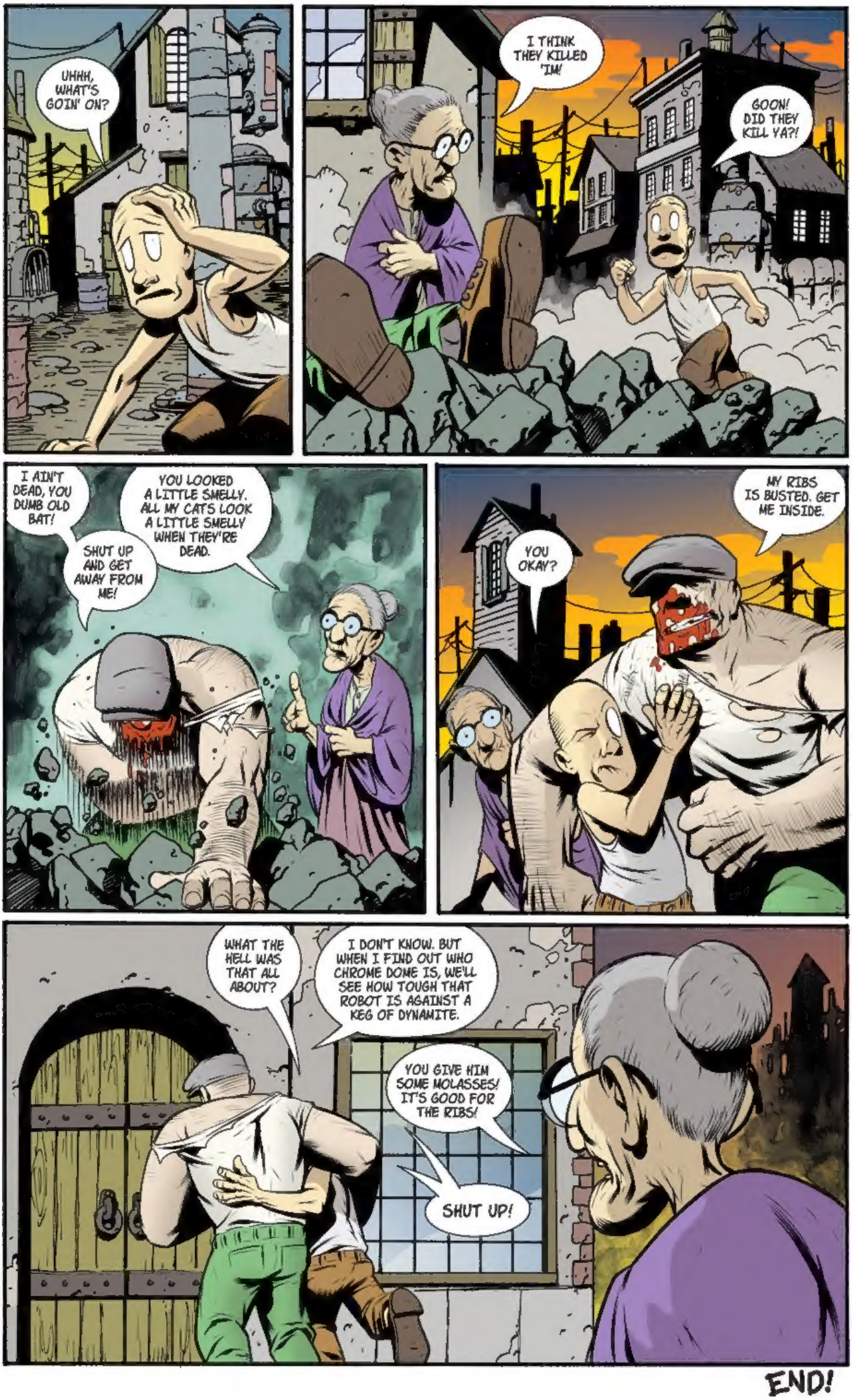
WHAT THE--
CALL OFF YER MECHANICAL DOG BEFORE I GOTTA USE THIS HERE PIG STICKER, SEE!!
I ASSURE YOU, MY FELLOW, THAT YOUR, AS YOU PUT IT, PIG STICKER, WOULD HAVE NO EFFECT ON MY METALLIC SKIN.
ZZZZZZ!!
N'GAH!
FURTHERMORE, MY SUIT'S DEFENSIVE SYSTEMS ARE MORE THAN CAPABLE OF INCAPACITATING YOU.
SILLY MAN.

OKAY, BIG BOY, WANNA DANCE? LET'S DANCE!
BREAK IN CASE OF FIRE OR VAMPIRES
SMASH!
C'MON, NOW! I WANNA SEE YER INSIDES!

KA-CHUNK!
PHZZZT!
RAHHH!


PANT! PANT! PANT!
YOU DIDN'T ACTUALLY THINK THAT PATHETIC LITTLE DISPLAY COULD STOP BRUNO, DID YOU?!
GRRR!
BOOM!
CHOP, CHOP, BRUNO! DISPATCH HIM QUICKLY.

CREAM CORN
CLUNK!
WE MUSTN'T LET THIS TAKE ALL NI--
YOU LEAVE THAT YOUNG MAN ALONE!
MADAM, THIS MAN IS A CRIMINAL. I'M MAKING YOUR STREETS A SAFER PLACE.
THESE STREETS ARE ONLY SAFE BECAUSE OF HIM! YOU UPTOWN RICH PEOPLE MAY HAVE THE COPS AND YER G-MEN, BUT DOWN HERE ALL WE GOT IS THE GOON!
YOU TAKE HIM AWAY AND EVERY NIGHTMARE IMAGINABLE WILL BE ON THESE STREETS! NONE OF US DOWN HERE WILL BE SAFE! YOU WANT TO SOLVE A PROBLEM, HOW ABOUT AN AFFORDABLE CAN OF CREAM CORN!
I'VE DONE IT AGAIN. HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? AM I DESTINED TO BE A MISGUIDED, MISUNDERSTOOD FAILURE?
HOME, BRUNO! I MUST HAVE HERBAL TEA!


UHHH, WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
I THINK THEY KILLED 'IM!
GOON! DID THEY KILL YA?!
I AIN'T DEAD, YOU DUMB OLD BAT!
SHUT UP AND GET AWAY FROM ME!
YOU LOOKED A LITTLE SMELLY. ALL MY CATS LOOK A LITTLE SMELLY WHEN THEY'RE DEAD.
YOU OKAY?
MY RIBS IS BUSTED. GET ME INSIDE.
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT WHEN I FIND OUT WHO CHROME DOME IS, WE'LL SEE HOW TOUGH THAT ROBOT IS AGAINST A KEG OF DYNAMITE.
YOU GIVE HIM SOME MOLASSES! IT'S GOOD FOR THE RIBS!
SHUT UP!
END!

DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY'S OLD FASHION GENETICALLY ENHANCED GLOW IN THE DARK CREAM CORN!
DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY'S
¢5
GENETICALLY ENHANCED CREAM CORN
"MMMM, THAT'S MIGHTY GOOD!"
ONLY 5¢ A CAN!